

Mechanic Apprentice.

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WALTER MURRAY. } Editors.
JAMES W. YERRINTON. }

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M. A. L. A.

The members of the above Association are hereby notified that the semi-annual meeting for the choice of officers for the ensuing half year, and for other regular business, will be held on Tuesday evening, September 2; commencing at 7 o'clock. It is hoped that every member will be present on that evening.

GEORGE O. HEYDOCK, *Rec. Sec.*

EDITORIAL.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our readers that our paper, which was formerly published by the Elocution Class of the M. A. L. A., has been offered by them to the association, and has been accepted by it. A committee of publication has been appointed, and hereafter our paper will be the official organ of the association. We trust that if any have held back from us on account of the fact that the association has not heretofore been its proprietor, they will immediately come forward and help us along.

We have to ask pardon for the delay which took place in the publication of our last number. It was occasioned by the removal of Mr. George Coolidge's office, in which our paper is printed, just at the time when it should have gone to press. Several days elapsed before any kind of work could be done, and hence the delay. Our readers will see that we are punctual with the present number, and we assure them that we shall be with those which are to come.

The verses on the next page, if inserted at all, should have been so in our last paper, since they were delivered at our 4th of July celebration; but, in consequence of the length of Mr. Duganne's beautiful poem, they were delayed to the present number. We hope, however, that our readers feel as much veneration for the 4th of July, and as much interest in any thing relating thereto, *now*, as they did a month since; though, unhappily, we cannot expect of them one jot more toleration for bad verse.

We have a few words to say to our readers with regard to the article on our last page, on the subject of slave treatment at the south. The incident and the conversation therein recorded, we are assured, took place exactly as related, and were witnessed and communicated to us by one in whom we can place implicit confidence.

According to the new constitution of our paper, adopted by the association, a committee of five, besides the two editors, have been appointed for its management; namely, our unworthy self and Mr. J. W. Yerrinton, editors, and Messrs. C. W. Slack, G. H. Monroe, Daniel Niles, John B. Studdley, and George O. Heydock, committee of publication. These officers, having been chosen *pro. tem.*, will hold their offices until the publication of the November number; after which, the first editor and the committee will be chosen half-yearly. The second editor, as heretofore, serves three months.

Alas! editors are but transitory beings. We cannot help thinking so when we reflect upon the shortness of the connexion between us and our readers; short in fact, indeed, but we hope not in memory. On our part, at least, we can truly say, that when we look back, at some future time, upon our humble career as an apprentice, we shall ever remember that connexion as one of the strongest ties that binds us to the past.

But in speaking of ourselves, we have almost forgotten to introduce to our readers our new colleague. This must we do, and that briefly; as there is but small space to spare. Imagine us, then, ladies and gentlemen, advancing to you, leading the aforesaid individual, hat in hand; and when you have attained to that, no doubt, very interesting conception, listen while we—But no; let the gentleman speak for himself.

C—, *Conn. Aug. 8, 1845.*

A benison upon thee, gentle reader. Cast thy loving eyes upon the head of our humble sheet, and you will perceive that your humble servant has been appointed one of the editors of this paper. Here, at our country seat, with the "blushing honors thick upon us," as in duty bound, we make you, very respectfully, our best bow, and proclaim ourself hereby your most obedient servant. Allow me to hope, dear reader, that while you and I shall plod on together, we may be enabled to pass the time so occupied both pleasantly and profitably; and when our labors are finished, we may be assured that our exertions have not been in vain. So hopeth,

Your loving friend,

J. W. Y.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE DECLARATION! Write it down
In characters as broad
As those which on the world portray
The finger of the Lord;
And send it wide throughout the earth,
Through empire and through state,
From the free Switzer's narrow realm,
To Albion, THE GREAT.

Send, send it forth! 't is right, 't is just,
'T is worthy all your praise,
'T is worthy to be issued forth,
And spread a thousand ways:
Then sound it out! and list to hear
The welcome it shall meet,
As states and kingdoms, listening all,
Its onward progress greet.

Send it where first its spirit spread —
Poor martyred France, to thee,
Thou bloodiest offering in the cause
Of injured Liberty!
But no! ye need no voice to sound
The Declaration there;
Its trumpet-tones, long, long ago,
Were thundered on the air.

For though, despite the mighty throes
Attendant on its birth,
The blood, the tear-drops, and the woe,
(The which 't was richly worth,)
Despite of these, 't was trodden down,
The flame, extinguished not,
Brighter and purer since hath burned
Upon the self-same spot —

For though the all-resistless force
Of Europe's banded might
Forced back the Bourbon on his throne,
And once more vanquished right —
The chain that all the wealth and strength
Of Europe joined to make,
Grasped in an outraged people's hands,
Three days sufficed to break.

Send to the land whose noble son,
The boldest of his kind,
Across the broad Atlantic steered
And left the World behind —
And though the light of knowledge yet
Is stranger to that shore,
And 'mong the nations of the earth
Her fame is now no more —

Men, men are there, with human hearts,
And "LIBERTY" is heard,
And when, resounding through the land,
They hear your freedom-word,
Keen knives flash forth, and teeth are set,
And vows are made, hands clenched,
And stern responses issue forth
From hearts that never blenched.

Fear not, but send it to that land
Of power unequalled, where
They boast them masters of the world;
To Britain! send it there:
And thousands echo back the shout,
And thousands peal the cry,
And wide and high the watch-word sounds,
"The people's liberty."

What though the nobles of the land,
The wealthy, and the great,
The wielders of the nations strength,
The leaders of the State,
With firm-set foot and frowning brow
Defy the warning sound,
And hurl, with strength that nought can stay,
Its champions to the ground —

With energy that nought can tire,
With ranks unbroken yet,
With fearless eye, and threatening mien,
And foot as firmly set,
England's true freemen, men that scorn
"To be or have a slave,"
Bid welcome to the freedom-shout,
And swell the onward wave.

Send it to Russia! despot land,
Of tyrants and of slaves;
The last stern barrier 'gainst the flow
Of Freedom's rising waves —
List not to hear the noble's shout
Of proud and bitter scorn —
Heed not, though not one welcome-cry
Upon the winds is borne —

Though still and breathless, as in fear,
The unborn people stand,
And strange the sound may seem to strike
Upon that startled band —
Though not one low, responsive word,
Nor one half-uttered prayer,
The pent-up spirit in their souls
Has strength enough to dare;

Yet, yet, within their inmost hearts
There breathes a silent tone,
Yet, yet, from forth their stricken souls,
There breathes a stifled groan;
Unconquered Nature has instilled
That quenchless freedom-thirst
Which rankles in the breasts of slaves
Until their bonds are burst.

Send it wherever breathes a man,
Wherever human-kind
Exists, though wretchedly enslaved,
To Nature's precepts blind,
And the minutest, dimmest spark
That glows in heart as tame
As ever bowed beneath a yoke
Shall quicken into flame.

Then bring it home, and send it out
Through all its parent States,
And let its children to its march
Throw open wide their gates —
And grave it on the people's hearts,
And blazon it on high —
In writing of th' Almighty's hand,
Its tablet, the broad sky.

And when the glorious day returns
When first its accents broke
From free, firm hearts, that would not brook
The proud Oppressor's stroke,
Point upward to that wide expanse,
So broad, so free, so fair,
And let each freeman proudly read
The Declaration there!

July 4th, 1845.

W. M.

THE INTEGRITY OF THE UNION.

Of late years it has become a matter of little moment to speak lightly of the value of the present union of the States that compose the confederacy under which we live, and to count the cost of its dissolution. A true patriot, and one who cherishes a sincere regard for the honor and interests of his country, is continually pained while perusing the public journals of the day, at the frequent and continued allusion which is made to this subject, and the peculiarly thoughtless manner in which some of our citizens seem to regard it. If we may form any judgment from the tone of too many articles which appear in these prints, their editors regard the dissolution of the Union as a matter upon which they are as much privileged to speculate, as upon the probable issue of the presidential canvass, or the effect which any revenue or financial measure may have upon community. The value of the Union to this or that section of the country, is discussed with an air of indifference, and a nonchalance, which would be amusing, did we not consider the serious consequences to which it may lead, nay, the imminent danger to which it is leading. The ignorance and recklessness of men who have the direction of a portion of the public press is indeed deplorable, and we almost shudder when we think of the immense influence which their position enables them to exert upon society. We cannot believe it possible that any of these men are aware of the amount of evil which may attend upon their course; indeed, we are willing to admit that in some instances of the most open and violent assault upon the constitution, the assailants are induced in consequence of mistaken and over-heated philanthropy, to express sentiments, to which, were they in their right minds, and capable of judging calmly and dispassionately, they would never have given utterance. But we do say that it is the duty of every American editor and every American citizen, (for no one is without some influence upon those around him,) to frown indignantly upon any such manifestation, from whatever source it may come; to give no countenance whatever to any attempt to weigh the merits of the confederation into which we have entered, and never for a moment to harbor any proposition for the separation of a union, of which it has been well said, that it was cemented by the blood of a band of the noblest and truest patriots that ever existed upon God's footstool.

"Lives there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
'This is my own, my native land?'"

And does any one believe that our fathers "fought and bled and died" to transmit one spot of land or one section of country to one class of our citizens, to be by them considered as their "native land," to the exclusion of inhabitants of another section of the country? The idea involves an absurdity. On the contrary, every schoolboy in the country knows that it was the union, the whole union, and nothing but the union, for which they labored. For *that* did the men of New England leave their bones to bleach upon the heights of Saratoga, the savannahs of Georgia, and the plains of Yorktown; for *that* did the sons of Massachusetts and South Carolina make common cause, and rally together under one banner, and fight side by side on many a bloody field. Then no thought was given to disunion or conflicting interests; but the soldier of the North shouldered musket or handled sword as readily under general Washington as general Warren, and the southerner fought with as much ardor under general Gates as general Greene. All were then united, and entered heart and hand into the glorious struggle, casting to the winds all little, petty heart-burnings and jealousies which might have been

previously entertained, for all felt that in union was their strength, and without it there remained not the faintest hope of success. Acting upon this assumption, they carried on the struggle with a success that struck with astonishment their most sanguine friends in the old world, and humbled to the dust the proudest power in existence. They exhibited to the world the glorious spectacle of men unitedly and perseveringly struggling against the most fearful odds, in defence of what they conceived to be their "inalienable rights," and the result exhibits one of the most striking examples on record of the power of men acting *unitedly*, and with a consciousness of right, to achieve almost any end.

And is there not as well at the present day as then an imperative necessity for preserving the union which they have transmitted to us? Is there one reason now, which did not exist at that period, of sufficient force to induce us to tear asunder the links of our confederacy? Is not the danger of division, if it be not so imminent, equally to be dreaded now as then? Although we are now at peace with all the world; although our people are at present enjoying the fruits of a prosperity unexampled in the history of nations, who can tell how long that peace or that prosperity may be continued, should we madly dissolve the union under which they have been attained? Who will venture to predict what may be our condition in a few brief years after such a catastrophe? We cannot but shudder when we think of what may at that time be the fate of our people! When we reflect upon the many causes for wrangling and strife which must almost inevitably ensue; when we see on one side of Mason and Dixon's line, a party boldly and openly denying the right of citizens of the other section of the country to property transmitted to them by their ancestors, and which they have ever been taught, and most religiously believe, is theirs by the highest and holiest rights in the power of man to confer, and when we reflect that in the event of a dissolution it is more than probable such a party may acquire the ascendancy in one republic, and not only harbor fugitive slaves, but invite them to escape from their masters, and seek refuge in our midst, the theme is too painful, and we involuntarily turn from it with a heartfelt prayer to God that he will avert from our land the horrors which such a course would inevitably entail upon us. We pray Heaven to avert from the nation, above all ravages, that of a war with those we but yesterday considered as friends and brothers, living under the same government, and rejoicing in the benefits conferred by the same institutions. War, as a nation, we should ever strive to avoid; but a war like this, a war which would array father against son and brother against brother, which would revive all the horrors that desolated our mother country in the days of York and Lancaster, which must of necessity be most unnatural and most unholy, we are called upon to avoid at every hazard.

But thoughts thicken too fast to be condensed into the brief space allowed for this article, and we must defer the subject for future consideration.

M.

WANDERINGS.

BY A WANDERER.

CHAPTER IV.

"A boat, a boat, to cross the ferry."—(Old Song.)

Having satisfied the cravings of the inner man, I became delightfully absorbed in contemplating the self-sacrificing spirit which a Yara, (I prefer *Yaras* to *Havannahs*.) manifested, as it gently "died away

to ashes," at one end, while I was laudably engaged in nursing the opposite extreme. Time, however, would not suffer me to come to any definite conclusion, other than that its flavor was excellent — and I thereupon passed a vote to reconsider the subject at the first convenient opportunity; after which I started for the ferry over which I was to be "brought on my way" to Fairhaven. Following, implicitly, the directions given me by a little boy, whom I waylaid as he was

"Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school,"

I soon "hove in sight," of what formerly *might* have been a "boat." We will say nothing of its external appearance, but as necessity compelled me to make an immediate practical application of that virtuous trait which characterized the denizen of the "land of Uz," I will, in the mean time, attempt a sketch of its internal arrangements, crew, passengers, "et cetera." I proceeded very cautiously on my entering; for, although a *worse* boat might have "carried Cæsar," yet, from the first moment that my optics had been brought to bear upon the craft, doubts, serious doubts, had weighed heavily on my mind with regard to my safety — but we are *wandering*. At the side of the wheel-house, on either side of the boat, were, (what a sacrilegious distortion of names and terms,) "cabins, or, to designate them more correctly, places, built of rough boards, measuring *nearly* five feet square, and just high enough for a man to *stand in, sitting down*. Over the entrance of one of these boxes, (there was no door,) was fastened a strip of tin, on which was inscribed a device, which I conned over and over, like one searching for animalculæ with the naked eye; and, had I not been an adept in deciphering hieroglyphics, I should scarcely have made out, "Ladies' Cabin." There is no sign over the other entrance: no doubt it was erected "*pro bono publico*," by the public-spirited and high-minded proprietor of the boat.

I looked in upon the last mentioned place, in the corner of which was an *object*, erected upon four tall legs: the top was an inclined plane, and the whole concern, revelling in the modest cognomen of "Desk," seemed, as it towered above a small bench in the opposite corner which was placed there for the weary, as the presiding genius of the cabin. Two of its legs were manacled with a leathern strap, which, so far as my own personal observation extended, was its only insurance, and without which it was in imminent danger of being wrecked by the motion of the boat. On the top was a slate, answering the treble purpose of Day-book, Ledger, and Memorandum, for the correct account of passengers, receipts, &c., each trip. I had the curiosity to look *into* the desk. Ha! it was a heterogeneous accumulation of *stuff*; such as a man may never hope to look upon but once in this world, at least, with any regard for his own life or the lives of his wife and children. Shade of that ancient man who kept a "junk shop," "on the corner," in our school-boy days, how would your old eyes have gloated over the contents of that desk; nor could your shop in its palmiest days have boasted of a more miscellaneous collection: — but here let us drop the subject, as I did the cover of the desk — suddenly. Over the desk was suspended two frames, each containing a certificate; the one signed by Reuben —, and the other by Ephraim —, the purport of which was to assure the travelling public, in one, that the steam-boat Fairhaven was sound in "limb," from "keel to gunwale," and in the other, that the machinery of said boat was in good order and well conditioned." Ah! how was my mind relieved! — how did the appearance of affairs relative to my journey over the ferry seem changed! Even as one bowed down by anxiety and care feels the bright sun shining in upon his soul, so

was I refreshed, and "went on my way rejoicing." These certificates, signed by such influential men as no doubt Reuben — and Ephraim —, Esqs. are, called to the discharge of the important duty of examining steamboats by the unsought and unsolicited suffrages of their fellow citizens, silenced all my fears — nay, reproved me for my hardihood in cherishing such ungenerous and ungrounded apprehensions of danger.

The crew consisted of three stout, able-bodied men; one of whom acted in the capacity of "Pilot." It was a matter of doubt, in my own mind, whether such a functionary was required, as the boat has been in this route even from its birth; on these premises I argued that the craft would follow in the same track as a matter of *instinct*, but upon actual observation I found I was in error.

Another acted as "Fireman;" his situation was below deck, or down cellar; from the nature of his trade, as you may imagine, his frontispiece was of a dingy black, except where the perspiration had rolled down and left a track, like the keel of a ship through the water.

The third gentleman acted in the treble capacity of "Engineman," "Bell-ringer" and "Collector of Passage Money." His "*modus operandi*" was peculiar; anticipating the boat in its departure, he looks fiercely at the man in the scuttle, who immediately vanishes, (not exactly a vanish, but rather a gradual evaporation,) winks his dexter eye, in a very dexterous manner, at the pilot, who immediately seizes the tiller, with a ferocity unparalleled in the history of pilots, since the days of Noah, pulls the bell violently, steps upon the platform before the engine, and turns two screws; after the consummation of which, the engine shows very decided symptoms of moving, at the same time keeping up a continual wheeze and blow, as though laboring under the influenza. Bye and bye we observe the wharf gradually receding from us, and soon we find ourselves on the bosom of — six feet of water; in depth just enough for us to cross the river.

Having finally started, he sees that the engine is in time, wipes the accumulated oil and dirt from his hands, (on his pants of course, which had, from frequent application of the same, formed a coat of *gloss*, stretching longitudinally from the lower corner of each pocket, to the knee,) looks behind, to see how far he has got, and before, to see how far he has to go, plunges his left hand into his left pocket, and from the "depths profound" scoops up a handful of coppers, having the "image and superscription" of Liberty, with a slight sprinkling of a foreign coin, commonly called "Nova Scotia bung towns," and stands up before the individual nearest him, in the attitude of one about to play that interesting game of chance, odd and even. But his purpose is far different. He seemed to say, as the thought of adding thirty-seven and a half cents to his stock of lucre, (there were six passengers; each passenger is expected to pay six and a quarter cents, legal tender,) came over his mind, which thought lighted up his face with a gracious smile — "finger your tin, and I will give you your change in copper."

When he came to me, I deposited a ten-cent-piece in his hand, for which I received my passage and four cents; the cents I carefully counted and dropped them into my pocket, where they remained until after "vespers," when I tore three of them from the embrace of its remaining companion and purchased a cigar. Having finished his collecting, he proceeded to note it down, and I to regard my companions.

[To be continued in our next.]

SARATOGA SPRINGS,

AS THEY WERE AND ARE.

When comparing the present aspect of this country with that which it presented before the arrival of the white man, and when inquiring, as I often do, what good has accrued to humanity from the change, there are few things connected with the subject that more forcibly impress themselves upon my mind than the contrast between the outward appearance and character of Saratoga Springs under the Indian and under the white races. The Indian, by reason of his unsettled and wandering disposition, which has precluded him from the exercise of his inventive faculties and industrial powers, has been unable to accumulate property, and has in consequence escaped all those laws and customs which while they are intended to protect and preserve wealth have been the authors of such grievous wrong to mankind. On the one hand he has escaped that desolating poverty which has in so many countries, and never so much as at the present time, deprived so vast a number of human beings almost of their manhood, by first robbing them of the strength and freedom of their mental and bodily powers and then furnishing a pretext for the unjust seizure of their inalienable rights; and, on the other hand, he has escaped the indulgence in that extravagant luxury, which, pluming itself upon the length of title, ancestry, or purse, the color of a coat or ribbon, the carriage of a fan or cane, or the false splendor of a dinner, ball, or rout, in this and other partially civilized countries has ridden and still does ride in coaches, and dress in silks and fine broadcloth while its less fortunate, rarely its less deserving brethren, creep ragged and barefoot to their toilsome labors, and go supperless to bed.

The Indian, ruthless and unscrupulous though he may be in war, can in peace, by many accounts, compare at no disadvantage with his white brethren. He is more moral, less degraded, more honest, more hospitable, more sincere, and certainly more truly religious. For honor he can only be compared with the chivalric knights of old. It is the very contact with his would-be improvers, the whites themselves, that has so degenerated his character—that in making him half-civilized has rendered him three-parts brute. But before the white man sought these shores, the Indian when at peace with his brethren lived free from all that disgusting drunkenness and debauchery which has since degraded so fatally the semi-civilized tribes. Possessing a deep reverence for the supreme being, and never having been tempted to the perpetration of those crimes which are the offspring of false organization and complicated social relations, ignorance, and destitution, he was, if not a cultivated, yet a comparatively moral and religious being. And well may we imagine that he looked upon the possession of the health-bestowing springs of Saratoga as a direct and bounteous gift to the red man from the Great Spirit. We may well picture to our imagination the different tribes gathering thither in harmony to drink of the life-giving waters, first offering up their simple prayers to the giver of all good for the blessing which they were about to enjoy. No drunken revelry, no trifling levity of conduct, no extravagant and injurious waste of time or of substance, no false and deluding show of happiness polluted the sacred precincts, but thither drew the health-seeker with reverence and respect, as to the presence of a holier being.

Now the Indian has passed away, and another race has succeeded to the possession of the once sacred life-springs: a race more selfish, more luxurious, and possessing less reverence for the beneficent and bountiful gifts of nature; and in their hands those same

life-waters flow forth only to corrupt and poison their visitants. Now dissipation, profligacy, and folly cluster round that once hallowed spot, and instead of the prayer from the healed spirit, there goes up the rude voice of mirth and the drunken chorus of the debauch—money that would feed thousands and thousands of suffering families flows forth freely as water, but in a channel more impure and uncleanly than water ever visited. Thither now flock all those who are too indolent, too loving of pleasure, or too regardless of their fellows' suffering, to spend some portion of their time and money in the relief of the woes of humanity. Thither they come to squander away the riches which might otherwise become a blessing to others, but which, thus applied, produce happiness neither to themselves nor to their less wealthy brethren. The trees have been cut down, and the humble wigwams of the red men have been destroyed, and in their stead the tavern, the ball-room, and the gaming-house have arisen, seeming as if they endeavored to veil by means of the imposing appearance of their structure the hollow or vicious nature of the purposes for which they were erected. The spot which was once devoted solely to the wise and gracious end for which the Almighty intended it, the restoration of health, has now become the rendezvous of the voluptuary, the profligate, or the mere empty pleasure-seeker. Well may we ask when reckoning up the improvements which the whites have made in this country upon the savage mode of life, in this instance what good has been introduced? Well may we enquire whether the Springs have not been converted from their original holy and happy usefulness to the furtherance of false and unrighteous purposes—whether they have not become polluted and defiled by their new possessors, and degraded foully to an unholy end?

I, for one, would not wish to roll back the car of civilization in this country; even though, like that of Juggernaut, it has passed over so many millions of crushed and mangled victims—even though the Indian race has been so unjustly and unmercifully exterminated before its march. I believe that however atrocious are the evils which exist in civilized society, it bears within itself the elements of regeneration. An industrious, a steady, a hard-working, an inventive people—it is reserved for such to work out the redemption of mankind, and such the Indians are not. But while we claim to ourselves more industry and more intelligence, while we claim that our intellect and our constitution and habits are best fitted to do the work of elevating mankind, let us not arrogate to ourselves the exclusive possession of virtue and honor, and because the red man is cruel and relentless in war, (as are not the whites?) falsely filch from him his character during peace. Such a place as Saratoga Springs, the general gathering-place of the wealthy pleasure-seeking world, will bear ample testimony that there are corruptions and vices in our present state of civilization which to the simple Indian were unknown—that the love of pleasure, of indolence, and of finery, with which he is charged can find their more than parallels, on a far greater and more injurious scale, among us, his accusers. Did I not believe that a better state of things will some day come to pass—did I believe that the profligacy and extravagance, the high-handed vice, and the petty frivolity which can be seen in such a state of perfection at Saratoga, would ever there and elsewhere prevail, and combined too with the destitution and misery of the lower classes in this, but more especially in the old countries, I should be tempted to exclaim with one of the greatest moralists as well as novelists of the age, "Rather, for me, restore the forest and the Indian village."

W.

A TALE OF THE INDIANS,

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

[Concluded from p. 22.]

When consciousness returned, I found myself lying on the ground, and the shades of night fast closing around me. I tried to rise, but the effort was vain; my limbs were securely fastened by withes of birch bark. That the Indians, aware I was not dead, had fastened me, in order to convey me to their village and there torture me, was now apparent. This conviction gave me strength, and, collecting all my energies for one final effort, I strove to snap the bonds which fastened my limbs. But all was vain; they were too strong to give way to my most desperate efforts. Exhausted by the trial, I lay breathless, expecting every moment the return of the savages, and remained in this condition all night, exposed to the heavy dews. As the first faint streak of light appeared in the east, heralding forth the approach of the sun in all his glory, the startling conviction rushed across my mind that I was left to die of starvation, with none but the beasts of the forest to howl my requiem. A cold sweat oozed from every pore in my body, and I felt all the horrors of my situation crowding around me. It was too much; my brain whirled, and I became frantic. I awoke the distant echoes with my wild exclamations, till nature could bear it no longer, and I relapsed into a swoon, losing all consciousness of my misery.

I learned afterward that the Indians, perceiving I was not dead, had bound me and then pursued Pete, from the chase of whom they did not return till late the next day. I was then aroused by the dashing of cold water on my face. I collected my scattered senses, and, in obedience to the command of my captors, who had cut my bonds, I rose to my feet; but I could scarcely stand, owing to the weakness which had resulted from my wound. The party consisted of ten warriors, commanded by a chief who had made himself conspicuous by his inveterate hostility to the English, and who went by the name of "the Watchful Fox;" a name which well expressed his character. I was placed in the centre of the party, which now set out for their village. Owing to my knowledge of the Indian dialect, I learned it was about sixty miles distant, on a river which fell into the St. Lawrence. I was careful to conceal my knowledge of their language, in the hope of learning what had become of Pete; but they said nothing concerning him. The first day our journey was through an extensive swamp and a valley to which we came just before nightfall. We traveled during part of the night, and at length stopped by the side of a spring for rest and refreshment. After securing me hand and foot and satisfying their hunger by a slight repast of venison, half sodden by the fire, of which they offered me a portion, they composed themselves to sleep, with the exception of one of their party, who kept guard. As it was utterly out of the question for me to follow their example, I made myself as comfortable as possible, and lay revolving in my mind the various occurrences which had taken place. I had at length learned from their conversation that Pete had escaped, and thought it most likely that he was in my immediate neighborhood, planning some means for my deliverance. While I was thus meditating, I was suddenly startled by the mournful cry of the cat owl, directly behind the camp, as it appeared. The Indian who was on watch, throwing a handful of tobacco on the fire, as a propitiatory offering to the emblem of his tribe, bowed his head in worship. In an instant a dark figure, without the crackling of a twig or the rustling of a leaf, stole behind him. I saw the shining steel raised for a moment in the pale moonbeams, and then de-

scend with a crushing stroke upon the head of the unconscious savage, who fell dead at the feet of his destroyer.

I knew in an instant it could be no other than Pete. After the death of the Indian, he passed cautiously round to my side, and, severing the cords that held me, he whispered, "Take a rifle, and we will finish these rascals before we go." Cautiously removing the guns which had been placed under the care of the sentinel, we each took a tomahawk, and, nerving ourselves for the deed of blood on which our lives depended, prepared to strike the fatal blow. The hatchets were raised over the heads of two of the unconscious sleepers, and were just descending, when, with a terrific war-whoop, "the Watchful Fox" sprang to his feet and darted toward the guns. But Pete was too quick for him; as his blow descended with fatal effect on the Indian for whom it was intended, he stretched out his foot and threw the savage chief to the ground, and before he could recover himself, or the now aroused Indians could comprehend what was going on, Pete, calling to me, had seized the guns, and, with the exception of his own, and one for me, cast them all into the stream which ran from the spring. He then, while the Indians were recovering their lost senses, sprang into the nearly impenetrable underwood which lined the margin of the stream, and rapidly pursued his way up a ravine which led into the mountains on our right, where I followed him as fast as possible. We could hear the yells of the disappointed savages ringing shrilly on the air not far behind us; but it appeared that they could not find our trail.

"We shall soon reach a place of safety," said my companion, "and if I do not have my revenge out of the bloody varmints, my name ain't Pete."

"Where do you intend to go," I inquired; "they will surely catch us here, for we are now between them and their village."

"I know it, I know it," replied Pete, impatiently; "but we are now almost to the cave," added he, as we emerged on a spacious platform of rock, which formed the edge of the ravine in its deepest part. Far below us lay the plain on which the scenes I have so faintly pictured to the fancy had been enacted. The moon shed a kind of flickering light over the woods and streams, and through the cold gray mists which hung over the swamps, while high over our heads towered the tremendous pinnacles which rendered the summit inaccessible. The Indians believed this mountain to be the resting-place of the Great Spirit, and not one dared attempt to climb the sacred retreat.

Pete led the way to the verge of the precipice, and, placing his hands and feet in crevices so slight as not to be perceptible at first sight in the face of the precipice, which surrounded the platform on all sides, except that on which we came, he commenced the perilous descent. He soon disappeared round a projection of the rock, and I then heard his voice calling upon me to follow him. Slinging my rifle over my shoulder, I clung to the rock, and, by dint of considerable exertion and great caution, I at length managed to move round the dangerous projection, where a single false step would have precipitated me full three hundred feet perpendicular to the bottom of the ravine. It was enough to try the strongest nerves; my brain reeled while hanging over the abyss, but a startling war-whoop from the savage band in full chase restored me to myself, and, with a desperate effort, I placed myself by the side of Pete. On looking round, I found that we were standing on a narrow platform of rock, upon which opened the mouth of a cavern. Into this we both entered, and sat down on a ledge near the opening. I asked Pete how he came to find such a place. "I will tell you some other time," said he;

"but let us now have some refreshment." He then went to another part of the cave, and brought forth some dried venison, which he had before provided in case of necessity. We then kindled a fire, and partook of the venison with an excellent relish. After resting for about half an hour, Pete took up his rifle, and, bidding me follow him, led the way into the depths of the cave. We passed through several magnificent halls, hung with stalactites, which reflected back the light of our torches in the most brilliant and splendid manner conceivable. But I had scanty time to view these magnificent productions of nature. After a walk of about twenty minutes through various halls and passages, we came to a part so narrow that we could with great difficulty pass along it, and which terminated, as it appeared, in a small chamber of rock. Pete went at once to the farther side of it, and commenced dislodging some stones, in which work I assisted him, and which resulted in the display of a large aperture, imperfectly admitting the light from without. We both crawled through it, and, after forcing our way through a pile of brush which concealed the entrance, emerged again into the open air.

On looking around me, I perceived that this side of the mountain wore a very different aspect from that which we had just quitted. A gentle declivity extended to its base, covered with a thick growth of mountain ash and maple; with a few oaks scattered here and there. We immediately commenced our descent to the foot of the mountain, and, after journeying onward during four hours, at length stopped to take rest. As we were now some distance from the Indians, we built a fire, and remained for some time.

To bring my story to a close; after a long and perilous journey, during which we once more crossed the mountains, we reached the lake from which we set out, and, finding that our furs had not been disturbed, packed them up, and returned to my native village. I never knew the fate of the captives, but supposed that they were cruelly put to the torture. Pete took to the woods again; and not many years afterward the bones of a man were found near the mountain in which the cave was situated, which were known to be his from the rifle that lay beside them, and from the uncommon length of the bones of the arm.

A. A. K.

REASON AND AFFECTION.

The various elements of human character, the peculiar attributes of the human soul, have been divided into two general classes — reason and affection; the former belongs to the empire of the mind, the latter is assigned to the province of the heart. Upon the proper development, beneficial improvement, equal regulation, and well-balanced existence of these, depends the greatest amount of legitimate happiness in this life.

The development of the passions and feelings of the heart requires no elaborate culture — they are flowers that spring up from a fertile soil, and display the bloom of maturity long before the full light of reason illumines the mind. But the force of these passions, and the character of these feelings, are determined entirely by the state of that mind. Such is the beautiful and harmonious arrangement of Providence, that without the ennobling guidance of the one, man's earthly existence would be a career of vicious indulgence and passionate excess, and, deprived of the refreshing fragrance of the other, his mind, however well cultivated, would be but a cheerless and sterile waste. The mind, unimproved and undeveloped, is powerless, and the heart, thus bereft of its pure and guiding light, is left to rove in moral darkness, unseen and unrestrained. Affection, the lovely and fragrant flower, destined by the Creator to bestow the dearest enjoyment on man,

unblessed with that purifying influence which should ever surround it, choked up with the rank weeds of immorality, pierced with the sharp thorns of neglect, — decays and dies in the embrace of the poisonous vine of unhallowed vice. And passion, the soil on which it bloomed, freed from all controlling restraint, now gives birth to the most unholy desires, the most destructive purposes, the most debasing crimes. Thus the impulses of man's heart, designed to minister to his happiness, become the sources of perpetual misery and despair.

History, experience, and observation, present the saddest spectacles of the fierceness and depravity of the baser passions of the heart, when unrestrained by the moral sentiment, and undirected by the rational perceptions and cultivated judgment of the mind. It is this which impels the savage, upon whose understanding no intellectual light has yet dawned, and whose heart has known no sacred and endearing tie, to disregard the proprieties of nature, and the promptings of humanity, and surrender himself to indiscriminate indulgence, to the most horrid barbarities, and merciless cruelties. It is this which has awakened the debasing fires of ambition in the breast of the conqueror, and made him stifle the appeals of conscience, the pleadings of mercy, and incited him to "wage a cruel war against human nature itself," — to carry devastation to the verdant fields of God's beautiful earth, chains and servitude to a free-born race, and utter desolation and heart-rending agony to the domestic hearth. It is this which has crushed the noblest aspirations of the human soul, checked the profoundest achievements of humanity, and left to the miserable heart nought but a heritage of woe. It is this which has caused the slave of avarice to give himself up, mind and soul, to the worship of gold — until, in his thirst for its acquisition, he violates all the principles of justice, honor and integrity, and, dead to all moral feeling, oppresses his fellow-mortal, robs the poor laborer of the fruits of his ceaseless toil, and extends his grinding extortion even to the labor which he wrings from the delicate hands of those, who, whatever may be the fate of their fathers, and brothers, and husbands, should at least be treated, even by the worst of men, with the feelings which justice would dictate, if not with those which a regard for the decencies of life would prompt. It is this which urges the reckless seeker of unholy pleasure through the swiftly descending degrees of vice and crime, heedless of the agonizing sighs of the broken hearts which he has ruined, until the violator of virgin innocence ends a career of guilt on the scaffold, or, stung by the demon of remorse, before the strong arm of the law overtakes him, in the pangs of an unnatural death.

The mind, then, should demand our attention — its development and improvement become our chief pursuit. Nor can the work be commenced too early. The young child, when lisping the first words of joyous love at its mother's knee, is capable of receiving an influence for good or evil, which will react on its future life. And in the schoolroom, when first beginning to understand the nature and uses of the wonders that he daily sees, in the heavens, in the verdant fields, in the house, in the street, among his playmates, in every thing that surrounds him, — when the treasures of learning are first unfolded to his gaze, — these are times when the young mind should be nursed, the purest moral sentiments instilled, the best principles of action implanted. But when he departs from maternal influence, when he quits the atmosphere of the schoolroom for other avocations, then commences the most important period of his life, and in the pursuit of intellectual culture he must work almost entirely alone. Then must he nourish high and holy emotions — then must he labor to pluck out the weeds

that have sprung up with the fruits of his early training—then must he seek knowledge, as she travels through the pages of history, or wanders amid the mazes of science—then must he nourish virtue, and avoid the insinuating siren, vice—then must he give up his mind to sober thought and ennobling sentiment—then, in short, must he form his own character. If he does this, then will he arrive at manhood with his mind and his heart equally well developed. Then may he form the most endearing relations of life, with the bright promise that they will never be unhappy; and then may he go forth with a glad heart upon his earthly mission—to carry the cup of sympathy to the lip of distress, to bind up the broken heart, to seek the elevation of his fellow men, and add his tribute toward the advancement of the human race. Then may he live and die happy in the radiant beams of REASON, while his path shall be cheered by the fragrant and blooming flowers of AFFECTION.

B.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

There are, perhaps, few of my readers who did not attend, at one time or another, on the late abolition convention, in Marlboro' Chapel. Some of them may have been witnesses of the disgraceful proceedings with which that convention closed—disgraceful to the city of Boston, as proving that she contains within her so many ignorant and brutal opponents to that freedom of speech which is one of the essential elements of a republic. It was at the close of that memorable evening that I took the last night-coach for Cambridge, on my return home. Among the passengers, numbering some eight or ten, most of whom had been to the convention, was a young man, apparently twenty-two or three years of age, of a strong nervous temperament, delicate constitution, and evidently a stranger to labor of any kind. At my side, and opposite to the former, sat a strong, muscular man, several years his elder. The conversation began about the convention, and a person remarked that Messrs Garrison, Foster, and others, ought to be kicked out of society by every decent man. The nervous gentleman replied that hanging was too good for them, and continued talking in the same strain for some time. When he had finished, the gentleman at my side observed that he considered them the greatest men of the age; equal even to Washington. He spoke for some time in their praise, and then denounced the system of American slavery in such strong language, that he drew the attention of all upon him, and at the same time drew fire from the eyes of the nervous man, who, as soon as he got an opportunity to speak, looked his opponent full in the face, and said emphatically, "*You lie*; there is not one word of truth in it. You know nothing about it. I am a Southerner, born and brought up in Georgia; my father owns several hundred slaves, and I know something about it. All you know is what you have heard from fanatical abolitionists. I never saw a slave struck but once; and then I struck him myself, and was flogged twice as hard as the slave was, for doing it. You say that the female slaves are prostituted by their masters. It is an infamous lie; it is only your low bred Northern nigger-drivers who are in the South, who ever act in that way. No gentlemanly Southerner would be guilty of the thing. What you say is an abolition humbug. It is a lie!"

"It is true; and you know it. I ask you a question; answer it, if you can. Has your father any children by his slaves?"

This question roused the Southerner's blood; he brandished his cane in the face of his opponent, at the same time using the most opprobrious epithets in his

vocabulary. His opponent remarked that he was not in Georgia, and advised him to keep cool. He then continued his reply.

"You say that I know nothing about it. I tell you that I do. I was born a Southern slave; I have been house-servant, coach-driver, and field-hand. I have been through every grade in a slave's life; I have been beaten, branded, and sold; yet you say that I do not know anything about it. Why man, it is you that knows nothing about it. Three years ago, I ran away from F—a Plantation, Georgia. My brother came with me, and *your father was then our master*. Your father is *my father—I am your brother!!* I am as white as you are, and you did not know me because I am a white man, among freemen. I am M—C—: do you know me now? I have known you long. You are a student at the University, and are obtaining your education by means of the money that was received for me. Remember, it is the price of blood."

Just then the coach stopped, and Mr. C— left. The nervous man seemed to feel very nervous indeed after he had left, but said not a word.

This, reader, is a mere statement of what actually took place.

R.

DOCTOR BOWRING.

Among the literary men and politicians of Great Britain, there is one, who, if he be not in the first rank, has yet obtained celebrity enough to be known in some degree on this side of the Atlantic; I mean the eastern traveller, Doctor Bowring. Some Americans may recollect, in the World's Convention, held in Exeter Hall, London, several years ago, he spoke very eloquently in favor of the right of the American female delegation to take a part in the discussion—which, by the way, was most unjustly and ungenerously disallowed. A few years ago, being in London, I had the pleasure of hearing a short speech from this gentleman—not a very great effort, to be sure, but exceedingly characteristic, and very happily expressed. It was on the occasion of a meeting held by the Anti-Corn Law League, to congratulate themselves and their fellow Liberals on the election of Mr. Bright, a Leaguer, and, moreover, one of the broad-brimmed fraternity, to the House of Commons, from the hitherto Tory constituency of Durham. After a great many speeches had been delivered, Doctor Bowring took the floor, and expressed his satisfaction at the victory which had been achieved. His style of speaking seemed to me very much like that of our Mr. Choate, the Whig lawyer and senator. He displays the same animation and energy, and, I should think, is not very dissimilar to him in personal appearance. He held an umbrella in his hand, which every now and then he waved to and fro, and made use of to give emphasis to, and illustrate, what he meant to convey. He displayed much wit and humor, a specimen of which, being a paraphrase on a couple of old lines, I will here give.

After eulogising the character and talents of his friend, Mr. Bright, the elected candidate, he repeated a couple of lines which had been composed on the occasion of the election of a Mr. Goodenough, to the office of chaplain of the House of Commons; they ran thus:

"'Tis well enough for Good-enough in Parliament to preach,
For sure enough they're bad enough for Good-enough to teach."

He then suggested the following, as a new reading, applicable to the present case:

"'Tis well enough and good enough the House should be enlightened,
For sure enough they're dull enough, and want to be en-Bright-ened."

W.